WAR REMINISCENCES.

PHIL SHERIDAN'S APOLOGY.

The Amende Honorable to the Captain of His Escort.

On this particular morning of which I write, for some good reason the hour appointed to move was earlier than usual. Four o'clock found the headquarter tents struck and the general and staff mounted, ready to move out—but no escort. A moment or two later and, amid the blare of bugles and roll of drums, the troops started and the road was filled with the marching army. Still no escort.

Turning impatiently to his chief of staff, Col. J. W. Forsythe, the general, said:

"What does this mean? Where is the escort? Was the commanding officer notified?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Send an aid and find out the trouble."

An officer dashed off to where the escort was encamped on a little stream a few hundred yards away, and returned, saying that the escort was saddling in haste and would be there in a few moments. Shortly after the squadron dashed up at a gallop, and fronting into line almost on a run, Capt. Clafflin saluted, and turning to the chief of

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR."

staff, was about to speak, when he was interrupted by Gen. Sheridan, who said:

"Capt. Clafflin, when I issue an order to move at four o'clock it means sixty minutes past three, not nearly twenty minutes past four. This must not occur again, sir."

"But general"— began the captain.

"No excuse, sir. We have lost time enough already. Move out." And the general urged his horse into a trot to overtake the corps with which headquarters was to march during the day.

A few moments afterward sone of the acting aids turned to the officer he was riding beside and said: "Great Scott! All this delay was really my fault."

"What do you mean?"

"The chief of staff ordered me to inform Clafflin of the hour of march and I neglected to do it."

"The mischief you did!"

"What shall I do?" He knew well enough, and in a moment more he had pushed to the head of the staff and reported his dereliction of duty to the commanding general himself.

On his return the question was asked: "Well, what did the chief say?"

"That's the worst of it," was the reply. "Not a single word."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing!" Then, after a pause: "I wonder if he will send me back to my regiment?"

"I don't think so," was the response.

The next morning, after the general and staff were mounted, he suddenly rode out towards the front of the escorting squadron as it stood in line awaiting orders, and facing Capt. Clafflin he leaned slightly forward and said:

"Capt. Clafflin, yesterday morning I reproved you sharply in the presence of your command and of my staff for what I thought was a neglect of duty. I have since ascertained that you were not at all in fault in the matter, but that the fault was on the part of one of my staff, who neglected to deliver an order to you, and," raising his cap and bowing courteously: "I beg your pardon, sir."

"General," began the captain, "I already knew—" but the general had replaced his cap, and touching it in answer to the captain's salute turned quickly away and gave the order: "Move out."

I do not think that the officer in fault ever forgot the occasion, and I know that Capt. Clafflin never did, for we talked the matter over in his camp in northern Texas the year before he died. Turning to me at the close of our conversation, he said: "Only think of it! The commanding general of the army publicly apologizing to the captain commanding his escort for having mistakenly reprimanded him the day before. I could have died for him that day."—Geo. A. Forsythe, in Chicago Tribune.

OUTWITTED BY A CLERGYMAN.

How a Methodist Minister Got Into the War Department Ahead of His Turn.

A prominent Methodist clergyman in this city fell into a reminiscent mood the other evening and gave a party of friends an entertaining account of the way in which he succeeded in obtaining an interview with the secretary of war in the days of the great civil strife.

Visitors to Washington who have experienced the annoying difficulties and delays generally encountered in reaching the inner office of a member of the cabinet in these piping times of peace can imagine what such an attempt meant in war times, when every cabinet officer, and particularly the secretary of war, was overwhelmed with work seven days in the week.

"It was a matter of the most pressing necessity," said the clergyman, "for me to go to the front of the union lines without an hour's delay. I reached Washington in the morning, and soon learned that I could not cross the Potomac into Virginia without a pass from the secretary of war.

"Thinking it would be no trouble to get the pass, I inquired where the war department was, and hurried up to Seventeenth street, where it was then located. About Sixteenth street I noticed a line of men on the sidewalk, and as I hurried along I found that this line extended up Pennsylvania avenue, around the corner of Seventeenth street, and down the block to the entrance to the war department.

"Men in the line told me they were waiting their turn to see Secretary Stanton, and some of those near the head had actually held their places twenty-four hours. I was also told that I must take my place at the tail end of that long line, and perhaps I would reach the department the next day.

"That would never do for me, and as I walked slowly down the line I put on my 'thinking cap' and thought out a scheme to get into the secretary's office without any delay. Before I got to the end of that line I had formed a plan of procedure.

"I hurried down the avenue until I found a stationery shop, where I bought a package of foolscap paper and a couple of large, official looking envelopes. Folding up several sheets of the blank paper I filled each of the envelopes with them, sealed up the envelopes, and borrowed the stationer's pen long enough to address each to 'the honorable secretary of war, Washington, D. C.,' in big, black letters.

"Then, with these envelopes in my hand, I went up to the war department. As soon as I was in sight of the two soldiers who stood on guard at the door I put on the most important air I could assume and walked so fast it was just short of a run.

"As I reached the entrance the soldiers dropped and crossed their muskets in front of me, just as I had expected them do, but I waved the big envelopes at them and cried out: 'Important! Important!' and they stepped aside, just as I had hoped they would.

"Once inside the building it was an easy matter to find the secretary's office. I told Mr. Stanton frankly how I had got into the place, and he laughed heartily as he made out the pass it was so important I should have."—N. Y. Herald.

A FAMOUS DRUMMER.

The Death of Maj. "Billy" Nevans, the Chicago Veteran.

There passed from this life a few days ago, at Chicago, one of the best known military figures in the United States in the death of Maj. "Billy" Nevans, who was known as a great favorite of Gen. Grant's.

Maj. Nevans' life was full of activity, and at times of exciting adventure, he being a veteran of both the Mexican and civil wars. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., sixty-one years ago, his father being a private in the regular army. When not quite ten years old he was a drummer boy under pay in the First regiment of artillery—the regiment of which his father was a member. He went with this regiment from one station to another—Buffalo, Chicago, Mackinaw—until the war with Mexico began. When the first news of war came from the Rio Grande young Nevans ran away from his father to enjoy the excitement of the battles in the south. He enlisted as a drummer boy in the service and remained with the army until the close of the war, serving nearly two years. He saw fighting in Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, Chapultepec and Vera Cruz. At the latter place he was severely wounded. On several occasions he served Gen. Winfield Scott as an orderly.

At the close of the Mexican war young Nevans was sent to Chicago on recruiting service and soon afterward withdrew from service. He learned the mechanics trade and organized the "Great Western Band." Chicago was then a small town and Nevans was one of the first volunteer firemen. He was one of the first to volunteer when troops were asked for in the last war. He organized a drum corps to lead the Illinois troops. The band of drummers was on hand to escort the first quota

MAJOR WILLIAM NEVINS.

of soldiers out of Chicago to Cairo. Nevans was the drum major and, in addition, he was body guard for Gen. Swift. From Cairo the troops moved southward and participated in battles at Rich mountain, Laurel hill and Cheat mountain.

Maj. Nevans was mustered out of the service at the expiration of his time, but reentered it under Col. Scott, of the Nineteenth Illinois volunteers. The last military position he held was on the staff of Gen. Sherman. It is said that the march to the sea was made to Maj. Nevans' music. In recognition of his services Gen. Sherman presented the major with an elegant drum when Savannah was reached. It has on it an engraved plate, with the names of a portion of the battles in which he took part, as follows:

Rich Mountain,	Stone River,
Elk River,	Bailey's Crossroads
Chickamauga,	Chattanooga,
Mission Ridge,	Ringgold,
Puraco,	Dalton,
Pumpkin Vine Creek,	Altoona,
Peach Tree Creek,	Atlanta
Savannah,	

After the war Maj. Nevans returned to Chicago, where his music has been heard on occasions both gay and sad.

—The oil palm bids fair to revolutionize Central Africa, since African potentates find greater profit in compelling their subjects to cultivate this tree for the sake of its oil than to sell them for slaves.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

GOOD butter is one of the things that is always in demand. This is not true of all articles. Therefore, the question of making first-class butter is of the highest importance.

A SHORT supply of plant food decreases the fertility of the farm and makes it poorer, while a liberal supply enriches it and increases its value from year to year.

IT is better to trim off the wood from old trees than to burden the limbs with useless material that only assists in adding weight to the branches and increases the liability of breaking during high winds.

STRAWBERRY plants will soon begin to grow, and any fertilizers that are to be applied should not be overlooked, as the best time to apply the fertilizers is at the present, especially if potash is one of the principal ingredients.

OINTMENT for caked udder: Take a cup of vaseline and thoroughly stir in equal parts of spirits of turpentine and spirits of camphor, or saturated camphor, as called by some; beat up thoroughly and rub on udder, or apply to any wound.

A GARDEN sixty or eighty feet square, securely fenced against rabbits and chickens, will yield an abundance of vegetables for the largest family, and an orchard of one-half acre judiciously planted and cultivated, will give plenty of fruit for the same.

EVERY package of farm produce that leaves the farm is an advertisement for the man who sends it out. Neat packages attract attention and make his produce sell the second time. Pay more attention to the commercial side of your business if you want to succeed.

SUGAR BEET CULTURE.

Cultivate Plants as Soon as They Show in the Row.

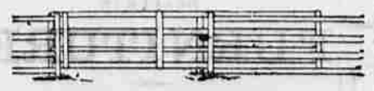
The soil should be a light loam, preferably containing some lime. The land should be well drained. The beet gets the greatest part of its food at a depth of 8 to 12 inches, hence freedom from excess of water is necessary. Plow in the fall. As soon as the soil can be properly worked in the spring it should be plowed again, this time to a depth of 12 inches. Allow to lie until about one week before the time for seeding. Then plow once more to the depth of 4 to 5 inches and work the soil up into a fine and light condition. After allowing the land to lie five to seven days plant the seed. No manure should be applied unless in the shape of well-rotted compost put on in the fall. The rows should be 18 inches apart; in very rich soil, less; in poor soil, more. The conditions should be such that the beets cannot attain a greater weight than 2 pounds each. Seed should be planted ½ to ¾ inches deep, and about 20 pounds per acre.

Plant in April. Cultivate as soon as the plants show in the row. When the beets have put out four leaves thin them out so as to leave the plant standing about 4 to 6 inches apart in the row. The weeds should be kept down and the soil well stirred. A beet that grows up out of the soil is worthless for sugar; they must not weigh over 2 pounds each, and must be smooth and tapering in shape.—Farm and Home.

IMPROVED FARM GATE.

An Arrangement Which Is Sure to Give Satisfaction.

In making a gateway for a fourteen-foot roadway the gate should be twenty feet long. This allows for six feet to balance that part of the gate over the roadway, and in opening, a person merely takes a portion of the weight of the gate and slides the same a couple of feet, when it is balanced and can be opened as easily as if swung on hinges.



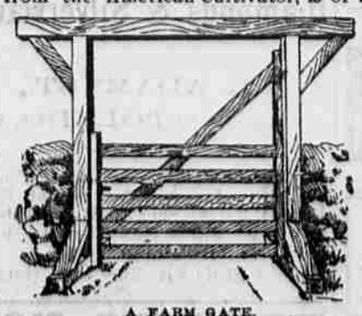
SECURE SLIDING GATE.

This arrangement is shown in the illustration from a sketch by F. C. Farnham, of Washington. It is best to make a little roller with a three-fourth-inch bolt, over which to run the gate. That part of the gate which slides on rollers should be made of double thickness of inch stuff. The gate should be shut in between two posts set far enough apart to admit the end of the gate readily. This prevents the wind from moving the gate, which is as solid as any part of the fence. Make the rail of the gate, which runs on the roller, one foot longer than the others; and nail to the two posts last mentioned a cross-piece, so that when the gate is shut the latch end will hang clear of the ground on this supporting piece.—American Agriculturist.

GOOD FARM GATE.

One That Is Not Only Substantial But Easily Constructed.

The illustration, which we re-engrave from the American Cultivator, is of a



A FARM GATE.

strongly-built farm gate. The usual trouble with farm gates, especially with heavy ones, is that the posts upon which they are hung are too small and cannot be made to stand firm. Where a gate is hung in a frame such as is shown in the illustration, there is little chance for the posts to become inclined and allow the gate to "sag." If made of good material and well painted, such a gate will last a long time. The frame can be ornamented.

DIET FOR SPRING.

Signs of Nature's Cravings for a Change in Food.

Toward the end of winter and as the spring days come on, almost every one feels languid, loses his appetite and seems to care nothing for the usual articles of food.

This may be interpreted as one of nature's cravings for a change in diet. At such seasons it is worth while to take a great deal of pains to provide fresh fruits and vegetables. Many serious disorders may be prevented and corrected in their earliest stages by a judicious use of greens of some sort.

There are few localities where watercresses cannot be grown, and these are among the most valuable of articles for spring diet. Any one who owns a few feet of ground with a sunny exposure may have a pit and raise lettuce and radishes the year round. It is an exceedingly easy thing to do, costs but a trifle and would save many a dollar in doctor's bills and medicine.

A carefully arranged bed for these two vegetables need not cover a space over three by ten or twelve feet in surface. It is sometimes more desirable to have half a dozen single-sash beds than one or two large ones, then if anything happens to a sash only a part of the crop is injured, whereas an accident to a large one may destroy the results of weeks of work and waiting.

It is idle to say that one cannot take the time and trouble for this, and that it does not pay, for it really does, and once the trial is made, nothing would induce the householder to get along without it. All of the delights of gathering fresh vegetables for our own table are not to be carelessly passed over. The hotbed, cold-frame and forcing-pit should be as much of a necessity to the occupant of every good-sized plot of ground as the vegetable-cellar and the preserve-closet.—N. Y. Ledger.

Curious Facts About the Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal—it is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and it is called the ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat. This change is quite familiar to naturalists, but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are therefore generally regarded as distinct animals. The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of royalty and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity. The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, the only way to capture it is to mark its course from home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than smirch one of its snow-white hairs.—Cleveland World.

THE MARKETS.

	NEW YORK, April 11.		
FLOUR	$2 15	@	$4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	66⅝	@	66⅝
No. 1 Northern	71	@	71⅝
CORN—No. 2	43⅝	@	44⅞
OATS—Mixed Western	37	@	38⅝
RYE—Western	50	@	57
PORK—New mess	13 75	@	14 25
LARD—Prime Western	7 82½	@	7 85
BUTTER—Western	11	@	25
CHEESE—State	9	@	12¾
EGGS—Western	11	@	11½
CATTLE—Native steers	4 20	@	4 70
SHEEP—Poor to prime	3 75	@	5 25
HOGS	5 25	@	5 30
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—Country XX White	3 10	@	3 60
Minnesota pateats	3 80	@	4 00
Amber	2 70	@	2 90
WHEAT—No. 2	59½	@	60
COR —No. 2	41	@	43
OATS—No. 2	36½	@	38
BUTTER—Choice to fancy	20	@	25
CHEESE—York State	12½	@	13
Ohio	9	@	12
EGGS—Strictly fresh	10	@	10½
POTATOES	45	@	60
SEEDS—Timothy	2 05	@	2 15
Clover	5 75	@	6 00
HAY—Baled	9 50	@	12 00
Bulk on market	12 00	@	15 00
CATTLE—Common to choice	3 00	@	4 00
HOGS	5 20	@	5 25
CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR—Family	2 15	@	2 25
WHEAT—No. 2	58	@	58¼
CORN	39	@	40
OATS—No. 2	35	@	35½
RYE—No. 2	54⅞	@	55
HOGS	4 40	@	5 20
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	60	@	60¼
CORN—No. 2	33½	@	38⅝
OATS—No. 2	32	@	34
BUFFALO.			
BEEVES—Best	4 25	@	4 60
Butchers' steers	3 50	@	4 00
SHEEP—Best	4 75	@	5 25
Good	4 35	@	4 75
HOGS—Yorkers	5 35	@	5 40
Mediums and mixed	5 35	@	5 40
PITTSBURG.			
BEEVES—Best	4 15	@	4 40
Fair to good	3 75	@	3 90
SHEEP—Best	4 40	@	4 60
Fair to good	3 25	@	3 75
HOGS—Yorkers	5 21	@	5 25
Common to fair	5 10	@	5 15
PHILADELPHIA.			
WOOL—Western	19	@	24
Unwashed	14	@	20

A Question of Grammar, Not Love.

A young lady by the name of Priscilla Winthrop is visiting some relatives in Austin, Tex. She is very grammatical in her conversation. Kosciusko Jones, who rarely ever utters a grammatical sentence, fell head over heels in love with Priscilla, and utilized the first opportunity to fall on his knees and say:

"I loves you!"

"I love you, Mr. Jones," said Priscilla, correcting him.

"You say you love me, too. Ah, how nice it is in you to love me, too!"—Texas Siftings.

Didn't Dare Marry Him.

Briggs—Did you know Spicerly had proposed to his cook and been rejected?

Griggs—Gracious, no. What did she reject him for?

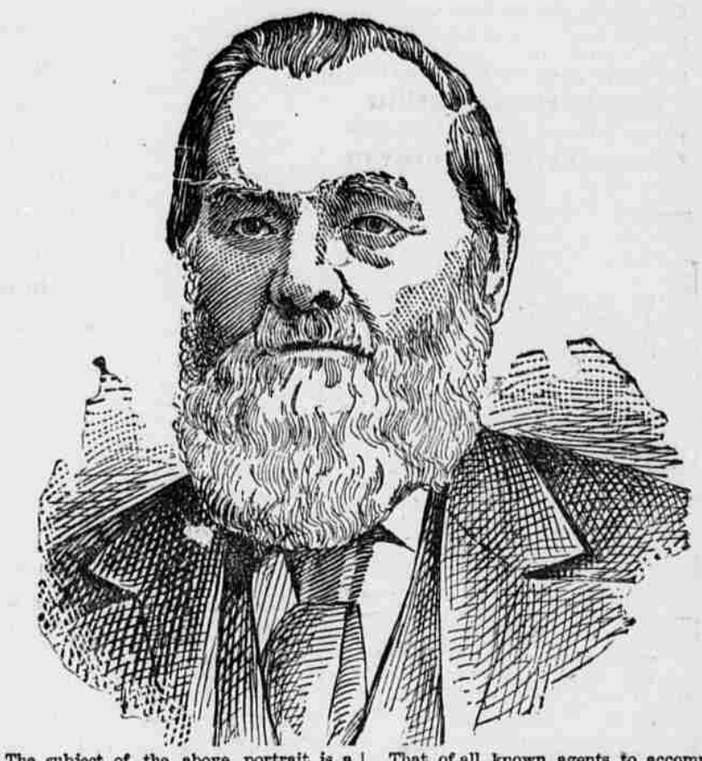
Briggs—She said she didn't know where they could get another one.—Brooklyn Life.

HICKS (in the graveyard, reading a tombstone)—"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Slendermind." Wicks—"Yes; isn't it ridiculous? Slendermind was the most forgetful fellow that ever lived."—Boston Transcript.

Breathing Poison.

You can't draw a breath without inhaling poison, if you sojourn in a malarious locality during the unhealthy seasons. The denizens of malaria stricken regions testify that the only certain safeguard against the poisonous vapor and its products, chills and fever, remittent fever, ague cake and dumb ague, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which remedies, also, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia and rheumatism.

FIRST Dear Girl—"What are you reading, dear?" Second Dear Girl—"Oh, your diary."—Philadelphia Record.



The subject of the above portrait is a prominent and much respected citizen, Mr. Robert Manson, of West Rye, N. H. Where Mr Manson is known "his word is as good as his bond." In a recent letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Manson says:

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best pills I ever took for the liver. All my friends say they do them the most good."

This opinion is shared by every one who once tries these tiny, little, sugar-coated pills, which are to be found in all medicine stores. The U. S. Inspector of Immigration at Buffalo, N. Y., writes of them as follows:

"From early childhood I have suffered from a sluggish liver, with all the disorders accompanying such a condition. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines I have used in abundance; they only afforded temporary relief. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I did so, taking two at night and one after dinner every day for two weeks. I have reduced the dose to one 'Pellet' every day for two months. I have in six months *increased in solid flesh twenty-two pounds.* I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared."

John A. McBerry

Assist nature a little now and then with a gentle laxative, or, if need be, with a more searching and cleansing cathartic, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, biliousness, skin diseases, boils, carbuncles, piles, fevers and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctors' services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that *once used, they are always in favor.* Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and *regular*, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles, and indigestion.

The "Pleasant Pellets" are far more effective in arousing the liver to action than "blue pills," calomel, or other mercurial preparations, and have the further merit of being purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system; no particular care is required while using them.

Composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, their cost is much more than is that of other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four "Pellets" are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, and can be had at the price of the more ordinary and cheaper made pills.

Dr. Pierce prides himself on having been first to introduce a Little Liver Pill to the American people. Many have imitated them, but none have approached his "Pleasant Pellets" in excellence.

For all laxative and cathartic purposes the "Pleasant Pellets" are infinitely superior to all "mineral waters," sedlitz powders, "salts," castor oil, fruit syrups (so-called), laxative "teas," and the many other purgative compounds sold in various forms.

Put up in glass vials, sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is laxative, two gently cathartic.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, nothing equals them. They are tiny, sugar-coated, antibilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child wants them.

Then, after they are taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, and natural way. There is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts.*

Accept no substitute recommended to be "just as good." They may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who *needs* help.